

*gratis.*  
**A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to all**

His Loving Masters and Mistrisles of *Holbourn-End-Division*, in the Parish of  
*St. Giles's* in the Fields.

**By Isaac Ragg, Bell-man.**

28. Dec. 1689.

**The PROLOGUE.**

Good People all, both Old and Young,  
Attend; the Merry Bell-man's come  
To wake you with his Merry Theams,  
And Rouse you up out of your Dreams.  
I hope to please some with my Rhymes.  
Who pleases all, must Rise betimes.

Howe're, my Masters, you all know  
I trudge abroad in Frost and Snow,  
And many bitter Blast endure,  
To keep your Houses safe and sure,  
And then I make no doubt,  
But you'll pay me well before *December's* out.

**All-Saints-Day.**

**A**LL-SAINTS Triumphant, moving still  
in Love,  
with Heavenly Anthems Praising God  
above,  
And that Holy Lamb that Dyed upon the Cross,  
Us to Redeem from Death and doleful loss,  
Then let us all below with one accord,  
With humble Prayers beseech the Living Lord  
To give us Grace and Strength, such Lives to lead,  
That we with them may Live when we are Dead.

**On the Fifth of November**

When Royal *James* Great Britains Scepter sway'd  
Twas then the Hellish Powder-Plot was laid,  
Traytors Conspir'd, and Treason did Invent.  
To Ruine Kingdom, King, and Parliament:  
But God in Mercy did prevent the same,  
Then let us Praise and Magnifie his Name.

**On Cold Weather.**

From *Seythan* Rocks whence coldest Winds do blow,  
From bald Pate Hills, all Perriwigg'd with Snow,  
From Seas all Pav'd with Winters colder hand,  
Where Chittish Waves like Iron-geil Bul-work stand,  
Thence comes the Air, so fierce, so piercing Cold,  
The Youngest Blood it Chills, quite Kills the Old,  
Then all that is your Beds, your Bodys stretch,  
Think on the Poor, the Cold, and helpless Wretch.

**St. Andrew.**

*St. Andrew* was the first that Christ did call  
Who forthwith left his Ship, his Netts, and all  
To follow Christ, be it in weal or woe,  
With swift Obedience his Will to do:  
Then let us all like him our profits leave,  
And all our Lusts, for Christ, and to him cleave.  
And follow *St. Andrews* rare Example,  
Then o're Death and Hell, we sure shall Trample.

**St. Thomas.**

*St. Thomas* here, all People doth Salute  
With a good Morn, and then no more dispute,  
For he hath seen and felt, Side, Hands, and Feet;  
And now with Lord and God doth Master greet,  
Oh Happy they, that never saw nor touch'd,  
But by their Death their stedfast Faith avouch'd.  
Lord give us Faith, and help our Unbelief,  
As once thou didst the late believing Thief.

**Christmas-Eve.**

Up Maids give gentle rest to Dispensation,  
Do all what's fit for *Christmas* preparation,  
Up *Magdalen*, least again to Sleep you drop,  
I fear some of your Rooms, yet wants a Mopp,  
For *Rosemary* and *Bays*, your Windows call,  
Up *Nan*, *Joan*, *Susan*, *Dorothy*, Up Maids all.



**Christmas-day.**

Oh Happy us! to us a Child is Born,  
Saviour of the World, yet the Worlds Scorn,  
Mean in a Manger laid, yet King of Kings,  
Whilst Heavenly Queristers loud Praises Sings,  
Then let's be glad, and Zealously Rejoyce,  
And Magnifie the Lord with Heart and Voice,  
Be Friendly unto Strangers, set ope the Door,  
Be chearful unto Friends, relieve the Poor,  
So shall the Lord thy God increase thy Store.

**St. Stephen.**

Holy *St. Stephen* most stoutly did maintain  
The Gospels Truth, and made it clear and plain,  
For which the *Jews* so much Inraged were,  
That all in Fury him they Stone and Tear,  
Who Breath'd his Soul in charitable Groans,  
Returns a Shower of Prayers, for one of Stones,  
Wherefore blest Saint, 'tis but a due Renown,  
Thy Name and Day were the first Martyrs Crown.

**St. John**

*St. John* who was Surnamed the Divine,  
Having set forth his Gospel most Sublime,  
In boyling Oyl confirm'd the Truth he wrote,  
Where *John* received a Martyrs Crown I wote,  
We Read of *John* no other Martyrdom,  
What if *John* stay (saith Christ) till I come.

**On New-Years-Day.**

Did the Old Year with all its faults adieu,  
Give welcome Entertainment to the New,  
But how 'twill prove, no Mortal can define,  
All things depend on Providence Divine;  
If we reflect upon the Old Years ending,  
There is but little hopes of the New amending.

**Any Time.**

In the Lords sight, how damnable a Crime  
The Guilt of Treason is, this latter time  
Hath satisfaction and experience given,  
By speedy Vengeance, and a storm from Heaven,  
That brush'd the Authors hence, and made them fly  
When they were at their Feast of Villany,  
By which may all take warning and beware,  
Such Feasts deserves no better Bills of Fare.

**On the Thirtieth of January**

How, how can Britains Loyal Subjects Sleep,  
Have you not cause to Mourn, Lament, and Weep  
For Britains loss? this was the Fatal day  
When Rebels took their Princes Life away.  
He was both *Charles* the great, and *Charles* the Good;  
He Seal'd his Princely Vertues with his Blood.

**On a Frost.**

Masters from Top to Toe, from Foot to Head,  
Cover your selves and keep you warm in Bed,  
Left Winters Frosts, that is so brisk and bold,  
Creep to your Beds, and make your Limbs a Cold,  
Tis now disperst abroad, in every street,  
And shrewdly nips your *Belmans* Hands and Feet.

**Any Time.**

With Worldlings Noble Births procure a Name,  
Applauive Honours, born on Wings of Fame,  
Riches obtain Renown, reward Desert,  
But above all give me the Loyal Heart,  
A Heart that never was corrupt nor tainted,  
From Loyalty that never Swerv'd nor Fainted.  
What's Noble Birth, Wealth, Honour, or the rest,  
If the owner of them hath a Traytors Breast.

**The Restauration of King Charles the II.**

When *Englands* People to be made a Prey,  
Under the Wings of Fatal Mischief lay,  
When all thought so Redeemless, the case stood,  
That Justice could not enter but by blood;  
Yea Peaceably in a Moment all releas'd,  
Who then could say that Miracles were ceas'd.  
Lord in our Hearts, confirm us with one more,  
A general Love to him thou didst restore.

F I N I S,